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WHAT ARE CONSOLS?

This question may be worth answering at present, when every one is looking with interest to the commercial status of Great Britain. A rise or fall in Consols" is invariably taken as a sign of commercial prosperity or adversity, yet few have a very definite idea of what is meant by "Consols." We find in the Boston *Hearld* the following explanation of the term:

It is not expected that everybody should know what Consols are, or if they do that they should constantly bear in mind what an important element they are in the affairs of Great Britain. We propose to make a simple explantion as to their importance, by remarking that a permanent fall of one per cent. involves a loss to holders of, in round numbers, thirty millions of dollars.

The national debt of England began with the relinquishment of the old custom of extorting from the people and substituting borrowing therefor to meet public exigencies. Charles I. borrowed largely from his partisans; but all his debts were extinguished by the Revolution. It was under his sons, Charles II. and James II., that the foundations for a permanent dept were laid in England.—On the accession of William III. the debt was £664,263. During his reign, however, the system of credit was expanded throughout Europ. A large part of the annual expenditure of the government was defrayed by borrowing money and pledging the State to pay annual interest upon it. At William's death the debt was £15,730,439. From his time to the present, the process of borrowing has been continued in all exigencies, such as war, the large payment on account of Negro emancipation, &c. In periods of peace, and when the rate of interest has been low, the Government has redeemed small portions of the debt, or it has lowerd the annual charge by reducing, with the consent of holders, the rate of interest.

The debt then consists of several species of loans or funds, with different denominations, which have been, in process of time, variously mixed and mingled, such as Consols, i. e., several different loans consolidated into one stock, 3 per cents, Consols, new 3 per cents, &c.—The public debt continued to increase, until, at the accession of George I. in 1714, it was £54,145,363. Some two million was paid off during this reign, but during that of his successor it was g eatly increased, so that in 1763 it had r ached the sum of £138,865,430.—During the peace from 1763 to 1775 ten million were paid, but at the conclusion of the American Revolution it was £249,851,628. In the peace which ensued from 1784 to 1793, ten million were paid. Then came the great moral and political revolution of Europe, in the course of which England sided with despotism. She fomented quarrels caused coalition after coalition to be formed, spent more freely to uphold every absolutist, subsidized every despot, and was the enemy of the people. During this insane career she contracted an increase of debt exceeding *six hundred million sterling*, so that, at the close of the war, and when the English and Irish Exchequers were consolidated, the total funded and unfunded debt, in 1817, was £840,850,491, and the annual charge upon it was £32,015,941.

From that time to 1854 there was a continual reduction of debt. On the 1st of April, 1854, it was £769,644,249.—But then came the Crimean war, and afterwards the war in India. Immediately following these, came the necessity for increased expenses in placing the navy and army in preparation for a general European war. The Crimean and Indian wars have increased the debt more than all the reductions which were made during forty years, and to-day it cannot be less than £850,000,000.

This vast sum, reduced to dollars, is four thousand two hundred millions, most of which is Consols, bearing interest at three per cent. The ordinary price of the three per cents is 95, because people investing at such a low rate, will not pay par when money is worth a higher per centage. The last news is that Consols had fallen to 89 and 90. This fall is equal to two years interest on four thousand million dollars. If holders were obliged to sell now, the aggregate loss would be $240,000,000. As it is, only those who have money engagements and must sell out to meet them, will be losers. Already we hear of the failure of forty stock-brokers of this class, and others will follow unless Consols improve.

A PROSPECTIVE VIEW.—The Huntsville (Texas) *Item*, in an item on the slave trade, makes the supposition that the southern States have already formed a separate republic and are going it alone; they have legalized the slave trade, and have sent their ships to the coast of Africa for loads of Congoes. On their return they are captured by war vessels and taken to the northern republic, to England or to France, where their captains and crews are hung for piracy.—Of course, then, war must be the result, which would be a war with all the rest of the civilized world, because no civilized nation with the exception of this southern republic, would sanction the African slave trade. Where, then, would be the fire-eaters?

☞ A proof of the little value M. de Humboldt set on personal distinction, it may be stated that the great number of decorations which he had received from the sovereigns of all counties, were found lying pell-mell in a cupboard.

Selected Poetry.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

MORNING IN BED.

BY JOHN M'INTOSH.

("*Visits with Burns and the Scottish Bards*").

Soft balmy airs through bursting buds,
Across my languid temples creep,
And whisper o'er my sluggish veins,
A summons to the angel sleep.

The sun pours through my window blinds,
In lines like broken sabre-blades;
In shining tiers they harmless stretch,
As if supported by their shades.

The plank-laid path that spans the street,
Looks filagreed betwen the bars:—
Frail lace-work wove in silent looms,
By frosty fingers b'neath the stars.

And strewed as thick as insects swarm
When slanting falls the summer beam,
Dissolving in the smile of morn,
I mark the pearly frost points gleam.

Above, far through the clear blue air,
Flares, largely-deep, the burnished sky,
And shadowy forms with jests of song,
Are flitting, spirit-like, ever by.

A life, it is a blessed thing!
We lie all night in dreamy bliss:
And, struggling in kindly arms,
The morn awakes us with a kiss.

And daylight is a feast of gifts
Where all are dear invited guests;
Where Beauty rays her sweetest smiles,
And Humor charms the hour with jests.

We notice less the good than ill
Just as we notice less the words
Of kindly greeting from a friend
Than accents of reproach, when heard.

Beyond is screened in misty robes,
Yet grain, not weeds, grows on the hill:
Just so the mistic fields of life,
Bear more of good, by far than ill.

The gushing tear, the cry of wrong,
The wailings of a broken hear,
When heard in Nature's fair domain,
Are sent, be sure, by cruel art.

The song of birds—the bursting bud—
The gift of sunshine in the air—
All shouts of joy—to me have been,
The language of a thankful prayer.

O, still in rippling tides of song,
My grateful soul to God will rise,
In fervent breathings to prolong
This heaven, to me, *beneath* the skies.

JAMESVILLE, April 23d, 1859.

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brows like thine look happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For, oh! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus, that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die!
That, when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly!
And sadder still, the pain will stay,
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take the ir flight away,
And leave us but their tears!
Then, look not thou so bright and blest,
For, ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest.
That grief is then most near.

PRAISE JUSTLY DUE.

The active determination of Postmaster General HOLT to elevate the standard of political morality in his Department, by rigid investigation of alleged abuses and removing or reporting for removal of those officers who are found guilty of mal-administration, is appluded by the whole democratic press of the country, and the more candid of the opposition press is constrained to give praise where it is so justly due. As an example of this praise, we take a paragraph from the Philadelphia *North American:*

"It certainly does not become those who have heretofore complained of the wastefulness in this Department to sneer or carp at efforts which are intended to introduce a necessary and wholesome retrenchment. On the contrary, such praiseworthy endeavors should be generously seconded, not only from a sense of justice, but as a means of effecting inportant results, at which the upright men of all parties aim. What encouragement has a public officer to address his abilities and apply laborious investigation to so large and ramified a subject as the errors or abuses whice have insidiously crept into the postal service, unless sustained by the community for whose benefit they are mainly directed? The principles announced in Mr. Holt's letter to the President, in Mr. Westcott's case, are such as must attract the respect of the country, and help to restore to the Department the confidence which has been heretofore sacrificed by its conversion into a mere machine for promoting political objects or personal ambition. The whole country is interested in an upright and efficient administration of the Post-office, and nothing but bigoted partisanship would consent to withhold a full and becoming admission of such services, no matter by whom rendered."

Mr. HOLT need not fear that he will not be sustained by the country in the work in which he is engaged. Let an administration exercisa all the care it may, and some bad men will creep into office. It is eminently to the credit of the administration that it is prompt to correct any error it has fallen into in this respect. The American people will soon know how to rightly estimate the persistent efforts which the more reckless and unscrupulous of the opposition press has made to create distrust of the perfect integrity of Mr. BUCHANAN's administration.—*Free Press.*

☞ A Boston paper states that of nine hundred and fifty-three clergymen attending the late anniversaries in that city, but seventy-three wore the professional badge, the white cravat. The growth of hair on the faces of many of divines was another sign that they are willing to stand as men among men, and to find their appropriate distinctions in something of more consequence than peculiarities of costume.

From the California Golden Age.

HYDROPATHY VS. ALLOPATHY, OR A NIGHT IN A SHAFT.

BY OLD BLOCK.

If there's "many a slip between the cup and the lip," there's also many a slip from the use of the cup. Whoever has visited the mining regions, and especially the quartz mining portion of California, will have observed the numerous prospecting shafts in the hills, which, whether successful or not, are unavoidably left open, making it a dangerous locality to travel in after night, especially when there is no moonlight, and more particularly when the heavens are obscured by darkening clouds. I had a friend, a physician who was often called out at night, and not unfrequently his route lay in the neighborhood of this dangerous ground; but, trusting to his knowledge of the locality and his own caution, he never felt afraid of any danger by falling into these pits, where life would be periled by a perpendicular descent of perhaps eighty or ninety feet into twenty feet of water, when, if he escaped broken limbs by the fall on the one hand, he was sure of drowning on the other. My friend was an original genius, self-reliant and courageous, ardent in the pursuit of his profession, and naturally disposed to make light of trying circumstances where he was individually interested, and who had, withal, seen many ups and downs in life, and had had is full share of misfortune, against which he had manfully struggled; and, to use his own expression, he had never been in so tight a place but that he had contrived to get out, if he was ever so *tight*.

It was about 10 o'clock one dark night last spring, during the rainy season, that a rap came to the doctor's door, and, on obeying the call, the voice of an Irishman responded: "Docther, the mistress Malony is taken sick with the cramps, and, be my soul, an' ye wad find her alive, ye must run till the breath is out ov yer body; for I doubt of St. Pathrick himself can save the life ov her." It was an awful night. The rain poured down in torrents, the night was of inky darkness, but it was a desperate case, and, availing himself of the messenger's lantern, the doctor hurriedly sallied out, under the impression that he would most likely be detained all night. His path lay along a dangerous route on Church Hill, where there were several deep shafts, but with caution and his knowledge of the locality, he reached the house of the sick woman without difficulty, and by proper restoritives, contrived to "kape the breath in her body," and after a while made her so comfortable that his present services were no longer needed.

The immediate danger over, the *spiritual* comfort of those in health was looked after in a flowing bowl of "potheen."—The night was cold, the whisky strong, the water in it warm, and the hospitality of the honest Irishman, like the weather, was overflowing. "The warm drink wad kape the cowld out ov the body and was better than docther's stuff and pleasanter to take." My friend, convinced by such reasoning, nothing loth, took a sup, a second and a third, in fact, repeated the dose so often that he felt himself proof against cold weather and cold water both.

As his patient was easy and in no immediate danger he resolved to return home. It was now 1 o'clock; the storm continued unabated; but, against the earnest solicitations of his friends, he resolved to brave it.

"Well, if you will go, Docther, dear, I'll go wid ye wid the lantern."

"Go to the d—l with your lantern," echoed the Doctor; "I know the way perfectly well, and as for the darkness, I can see through it double now. The Doctor and I will keep each other company as we always have done and the punch will keep the rain out."

"Take another pull, then, if you will go," said his host. "Sure, an ye can't have too much of a good thing on such a night as this. Waugh! but the sluice-gates of heaven are broken loose, sure, and all the dirt of the airth'll be washed out before morn."

I do not mean to say that the doctor was drunk. O, no, that would be a serious accusation; besides lawyers have not decided where the turning-point between being tight and drunk is.

The doctor was just full enough to increase his own reliance on himself. He had a vague perception on going out that a knife would be a convenient article to cut a hole in the darkness to let a little light through, but without any labor to himself his eyes gave sparks of fire, and he was satisfied that, if they did not see their way through, why, he could *feel* his way with his hands—and so he did.

"Well, this is a dose," he soliloquized, as he went on slowly, while the rain pelted him in the face. "Humph! hydropathy with a vengeance. I never did believe in the practice. Allopathy forever! if (hic) I ain't the patient and don't have to take the medicine myself. Hydropathy in homeopathic doses is (hic)—yes, it is—rain is good for young sprouts—but (hic) I'm an old one—don't want to grow any more—say, cloud, just (hic) sdrew down your tourniquet a minute—think the (hic) flow too great for the system (hic) to—great country, this for water cure establishment—got into one myself, somehow—don't b-b-believe in the practice—(hic)—to d——d wet—

'O, its my delight, in a shiny night,
In the season of the year.'

Ye banks and (hic) braes and stream-around'—
If the rain keeps on I think you'll *drownd.*

Open sesame, and let me in!——Hel—" It is supposed the Doctor meant *Help!* as he wildly shouted in agony, for he had not time to finish the word before his voice was lost to the surrounding world—a sepulchral splash, and all was silent amid the dreary darkness, save the rain which still pattered in torrents upon earth's surface, and trickled in rills into the shaft into which the doctor had unmistakably fallen. For a moment there was a gurgling—a desperate struggle for something; but a moment served to show the the unfortunate son of Æsculapius that he had fallen into one of the shafts—which proved to be only about fifteen feet deep—and he found himself standing on its bottom, immersed to his chin in the water. Even this may have been considered fortunate, for, but a few feet distant, was another shaft fifty feet deep, with twenty feet of water in it. Had he fallen into this, there would have been no possible chance of escape. His immersion and his terrible position sobered him at once.

He felt his awful situation keenly; there was scarcely a chance for escape. It was perhaps 2 o'clock, and day would not dawn till 6—four weary hours.—Cries would be unavailing, for no one would be stirring in that dreary weather till dawn, and could he endure the cold immersion so long? Would his strength hold out? The water came pouring in from little rills formed by the rain, and was slowly but surely rising; his head was barely above the flood, and though his physical strength might possibly endure till morning, there was a strong probability that he would be completely immersed in a short time and he would be drowned. Death stared him in the face with scarce a possibiity of escape. His life passed in rapid review before him; his errors stood in strong array, and he wished for life that he might atone as far as he could before it was too late.

He was to die, and bitterly he reproached himself for his misdeeds, which perhaps he would not have thought of under better circumstances, so true it is that in the enjoyment of life and strength and prosperity, men give little heed to a right preparation for a brighter and more joyous world in Heaven. Then again his childhood—his father's home—his old play grounds—his schoolmate, and oh! his mother. He remembered laying his head upon his mother's bosom in his hours of childish sorrow—her soothing caresses—her kindly words—her kiss of love, all, all rushed upon his [illegible] brain, and then hot gushing tears flowed freely as these cherished images came to his mind, and he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, mother, mother!" Is there a man in the civilized world whose soul does not at times cling with childlike simplicity to the memory of a mother's love; remembering a mother's fond embrace—her deep care and affection that welled up from her very heart? Mine does, and I love and respect woman for mother's sake, as well as my own.

At times he felt that there was no hope. He was to die here where even his body might not be found, and his death might remain a mystery. But nature struggled by instinct for self-preservation, and he resolved to keep up as long as his strength to do so remained. He commended himself to his Maker, prayed that his sins might be forgiven, and if God ordained that he should thus perish he hoped his transgressions might not debar him from all Mercy in Heaven.—Trickle, trickle came the little rills into his tomb, slowly but surely the water arose, till at length it reached his chin—his mouth—and he bent his head backward to be able to breathe. He sunk into a state of half-unconsciousness. The rain at length ceased, the weary, wretched hours passed on, and he was still alive, when by looking upwards toward the sky he was conscious that daylight was appearing. For the first time hope beamed in his heart—he might be saved—and he shouted with all his strength. It was not long before he heard a human voice exclaim, "Howly Vargin! what's that?"

"It's me—it's me—I'm in the shaft—for the love of God help me out—I'm almost dead—help me out!" shouted the drowning man—and a face peered cautiously over the brink of the shaft into the darkness below. "Mother of Saints, how did ye get there, and who are you?" replied the man above. "I'm doctor ——; get ropes and haul me out—I'm nearly perished and cannot stand it long."

It providentially happened that the honest Irishman was passing thus early when he heard the "voice from below," and, though much frightened, he ran to the rearest cabin, and alarming the family, the cords were instantly taken from the bedstead, and rushing to the shaft they let down the rope which, with difficulty, the doctor fastened around him; but before he was half way up, the treatcherous rope broke, and he was once more immersed in the most extravagant hydropathic state. Doubling the chord, a second trial brought the doctor into the the "wide, wide world," a wet, if not a wise man. He was saved, and has eschewed hot "potheen" from that very day.

ADD ANOTHER STAR.—Thirty-three stars must be on the national-flag from and after the 4th of July next. This is in compliance with the act of Congress, passed April, 1848, which declares that in the admission of every new State one star shall be added, and that such addition shall take place on the 4th of July next succeeding its admission. Oregon was admitted at the last session of Congress as a State of the confederacy.

STRAY RAVELLINGS.

A letter passed through the rural post office in Northumberland, England, not long since, bearing the following elaborate address:—"For the girl at the Heathenyshanks near the Cow Gate near the toll near Slatyford New-castel-on-Tyne on that side of the road furtherest from Centon and near to the bath House next to Byre joining the stable close to the cart shed and not far from the barn and Thrashing Machine."

A sergent passing along one of the streets near the Tower of London, observed one of his men sitting against a wall. He was the worse for liquor; and on asking him why he did not go home, he replied: "Oh, sergent! all the houses seem to be passing me; so I think I had better wait till the barracks come, and then I can go in without any trouble."

"What are you after, my dear?" said a grand-mother to a little boy, who was sideling along a room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it—he want's him to think he's out."

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coal, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons; "it is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

A man being awakend by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his birth with his boots on, very considerately replied; "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em I guess; they are an old pair. Let 'em rip."

A lady called on a witty friend who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it 'slattern.' The next day they met, and the lady said, "I called on you yesterday." "Yes, I saw your card on the piano."

"Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why dont you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveller to an Irish cart-driver. "A heaver coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied the Councellor. "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a Glass to my lips," was the reply.

A Sunday school teacher, deploring the lack of attendants upon his ministrations, appealed to the few present. "What can I do," said he, "to get the boys and girls here?" "I know," said one of the urchins. "What is it?" "Give 'em all five cents a-piece."

"That'sa fine strain," said one gentleman to another, aluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman who sat near, but if he strains much more he'll bust."

"You can't tell who made the monkey, for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity. "Yes I can," said the clergyman, "he who made you!"

An Irishman going to be hanged begged that the rope might be tied under his arm instead of around his throat, "For," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

A newspaper editor out West says, "that the simplest way of calculating distances of heavenly bodies, is the rule laid down by John Phenix's celebrated lecture upon astronomy, viz., guess at one half the distance, and multiply by two."

Mr. Pullup coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking slippery, and exclaims: "V-ver-verry sing'lar; wh-whenever water freezes it freezes with the sl-slippery side up; very sing'lar."

A farmer charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning," said the employee, "do you expect a man to breathe musk roses for six dollars a month?"

"Pray, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time and did'nt like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," says he, "and if I had lived there till this time I'd been dead a year ago."

A Sleepy deacon who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed. "Hold on! it's my deal!"

A good many of the flying rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated by taking off the f.

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for?—One little fellow very promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

We heard a lawyer and a doctor disputing the other day about a bill a fellow owed each of them. He was only able to pay one of them and left it to them to settle which ought to have the money. Of course," said the lawyer, "I saved the fellow from going to the penitentiary! Well," said the doctor, "I have saved him from going to hell!" It is needless to add who got the money.

Oh, for an idea!" said the poet grasping his hair. 'I don't know what others may think,' saio Dr. Spooner, 'but my suspicion is that you have owed for too many of your ideas already.'

'I curse the hour when we were married!' exclaimed a curaged husband to his better half. To which she mildly replied. 'Don't my dear, for that was the only happy one we have seen!'

'You always lose your temper in my company,' said an individual of doubtful reputation to a person near him. 'True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost evrey-thing about me.'

An Irish paper announces, that a Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but happily received no other damage!"

A teacher one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of passive verbs, said: 'A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action; as, Peter is beaten: Now what did Peter do?' "Well, I don't know,' answered the boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance possible, 'without the hollored!'

EARLY RISING.

There is a capital anecdote of the reign of Louis XVI of France, according to which some ladies got it into their heads from some book they had been reading, that it must be a glorious thing to see the sun rise. But as that took place in the only hours in which they were uniformly in bed, what was to be done? After much consideration, it being of course impossible for them to think of rising so early, they resolved to have a party and sit up all night and ride out just before day to the top of a neighboring hill and witness the strange phenomenon. This was duly performed, the friends then all went to bed, astonished at the degree to which they had ruralized themselves. Daniel Webster, it seems, during many years of his residence in Washington, used to get up an hour before sunrise in winter, light all the fires with his now. hands, having a knack at that sort of thing and then start off to market with a basket on his arm, to purchase himself the daily provisions, gaining afterwards, no doubt, many an hour's march on most of his associates.

In New York there has been formed a Young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour. It originated with about a half a dozen young men, who having kept up this habit for some years were surprised at its beneficial effects, at the success in life of their associates.

A little watchful experience will render this not surprising to any thoughtful man. He who rises at five instead of seven daily, adds perhaps ten years of the brightest hours to his life of active thought and exertion. Life will be prolonged, health and happiness will be preserved. All other animals but men sleep through the dark hours and wake with the light.—The time of all the occupations of the day will be moved forward or backward by the time of rising. The early man takes time by the forelock, and is always beforehand with his competitor and his enemy, anticipates their designs, and has all his affairs arranged so that they cannot be disturbed or molested. Not the breakfast alone but all the meals, and the hours of retiring will be governed by habit. Such a man will drop to sleep in his chair at nine o'clock. So much the better. Consider the effect on the young man. It is at the late hour that bad company becomes most dangerous. Byron abuses the moon as the light beneath which at housand times more wickedness is done than the sun, and he who at twenty is never out at ten, will find it has saved him a fortune, and earned for him a character before he is forty, of which he may well be proud. Many a young man in college has been saved from dissipated habits by the ringing college bell for morning prayer at five o'clock. After getting up this early and working hard at study all day, he was glad to get to bed between nine and ten, fairly worn out with honest, hopeful toil, instead of making a night of it in idle dissipation,

In married life this habit of being early to bed is worth years of life and happiness. The children are never wakeful till they have got through their first sleep. But after that, if a man has got all his repose to get, it will be so often broken as soon to break him down. He will become nervous simply for want of sleep—sleep that he would have got from nine till midnight, unbroken, but which he cannot secure after. Intellectually a man can do twice the work while his mind is calm and clear, as it is ealy in the day, and as it is not and cannot be later. It was before ten o'clock generally that Sir Walter Scott wrote his sixteen pages per day of those novels which are the delight of the civilized world, and it has been before nine o'clock that in our own city, Dr. Barnes has written those commentaries on the Scriptures of which four hundred thousand volumes have been sold in this country and as many more in Europe. The very self-denial and self-command indicated and encouraged by this habit is not its least value. He who learns to govern himself in one matter will in others.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

OUT-OF-DOOR-EXERCISE.

There is probably not another people to be found, that take so little exercise "out-of-doors" as those living the cities and large towns of the Northern States. This in-door confinement is the direct occasion of two great evils,—impaired health, and a destruction of vivacity. To be healthful and cheerful, much time should be passed in the sunlight, where oxygen may be inhaled without stint. Stay in the house, shop, store, office, study, sanctum, or other confinement, where carbonac acid gas and other impurities are breathed and breathed again and again, and it would be very extraordinary if such persons always mantained cheerful hearts, and enjoyed good health.

Among the Germans in fatherland (and it may be true of them here,) their constant cheerfulness and gayety would be a marvel to our sad, grumbling people, out of temper, because of health and out of sirits. Early in the morning, from four o'clock until ten in the evening, the thoroughfaresin and about the cities in Germay are thronged with lads and lasses, wending their way to the public gardens and other places of resort, where social pleasures are freely enjoyed, and the heart is made glad, and the health and vigor of the body improved and preserved.

When the men and women have finished their work, or business, they, too, go forth for amusement. And what is worthy of note, the ladies are not afraid of being browned by the sun's rays and the health-giving breezes. They will spend hours in the sunlight, daily, and we do marvel that any should object to such an airing.

Can any one wonder at the superior robustness and cheefulness of the women of Germany, Italy, and other European countries, over the women of the northern cities of our country, after contemplating the difference in their habits?

Mothers should encourage their daughters especially, to take much exercise in the open air and do not compel them to take measured, boarding school step.—Allow them to run, skip, and hop, as if they were really alive and full of joy and life.

Any girl from the age of ten to twenty years, who is in the possession of ordinary health, should so accustom herself to walking, as not to be dependent on the cars or the omnibuses in case she disires to visit Mount Auburn or any other desirable place of resort within six miles of the city. Yet as daughters are now brought up, it would be difficult to find a girl in the city, of the period of life indicated, that could walk to Mount Auburn and back without endangering health, and perhaps life.

If not accustomed to walking, begin by exercising moderately, increasing a little every day, until you are able to walk three, six or twelve miles a day.

The pleasures of life will be greatly enchanced by exercising of life will be greatly enchanced by exercising an now indicated or in some other no less efficient way. It is no unsual thing for girls to begin to lose the freshness and beauty of girlhood—that delightful period of life—before they get out of their teens. Take our advice, providing it meets the approval of your mothers, and you will preserve and magnify the priceless graces of girlhood as of womanhood,—health, beauty, and cheerfulness—and secure that which everybody desires, a long, healthful, happy and useful life.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

At this season many persons contemplate traveling; to do so with the large amount of comfort and advantage, physical, social and mental, the following suggestions are made:

Take one-fourth more money than your actual estimated expenses.

Have a good supply of small change, and have no bill or piece higher than 10 dollars, that you may not take counterfeit change.

So arrange as to have but a single article of luggage to look after.

Dress substantially; better be too hot for two or three hours at noon than to be two cool for the remainder of the twenty-four.

Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable or unanticipated detention on the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if that has to be eaten by daylight. Dinner or supper, or both, can be more healthfully dispensed with than a good warm breakfast.

Put your purse and watch in your vest pocket, and all under your pillow, and you will not be likely to leave either.

The most, if not secure fastening of your chamber door is a common bolt on